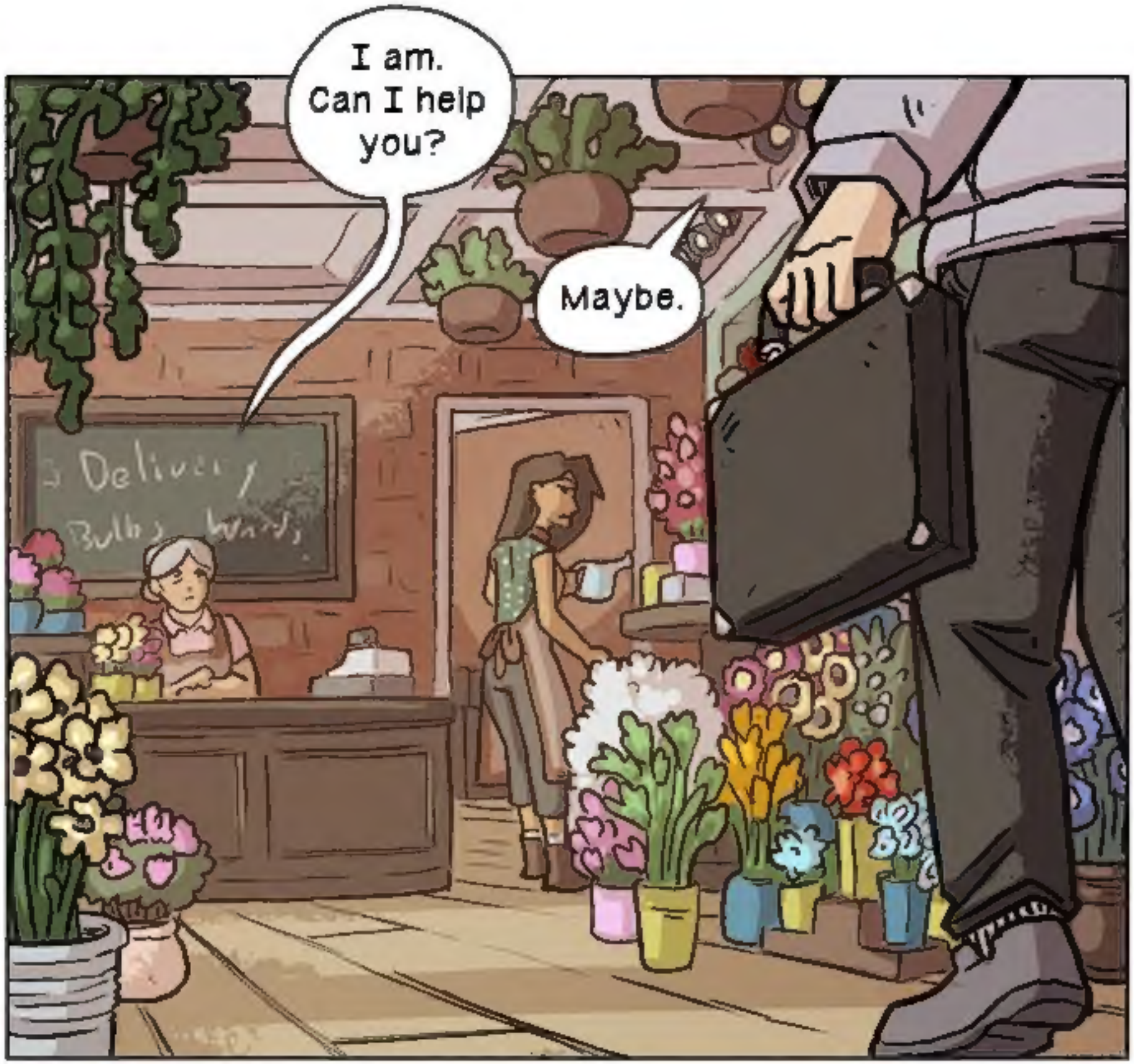
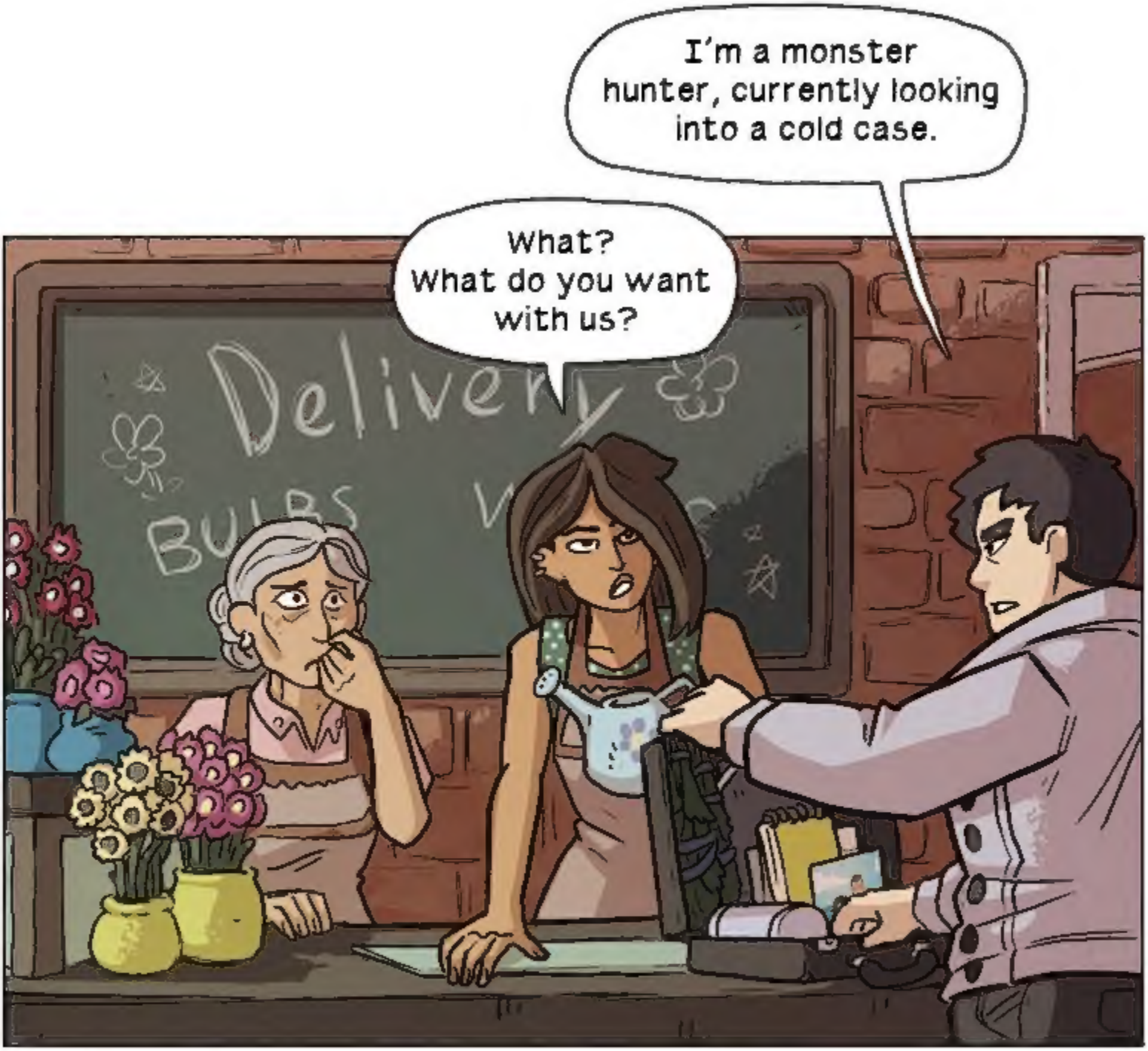
THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER

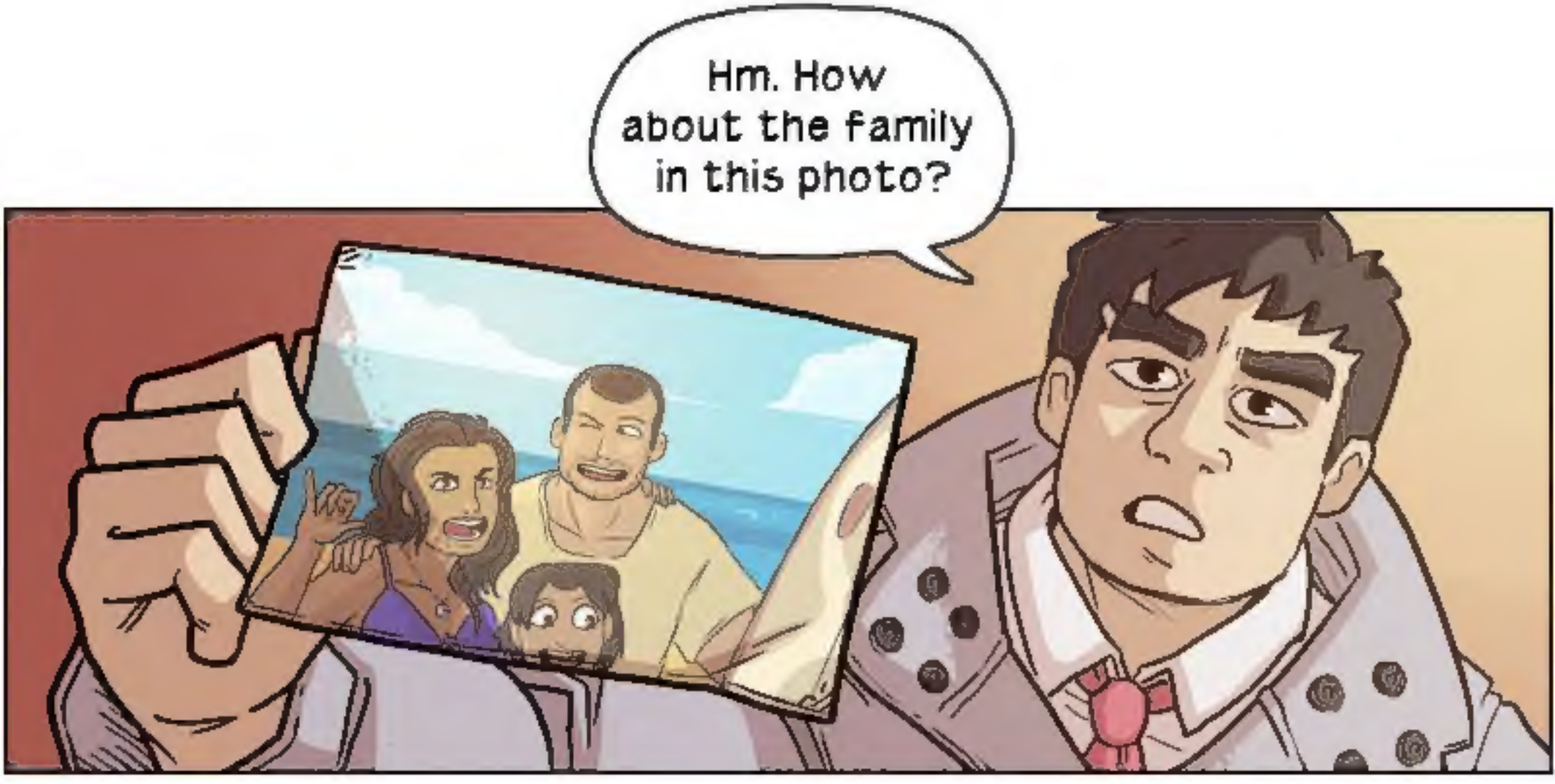
REN
555
BARROS

Excuse me. Are you Luciana Barros?


I am. Can I help you?
Maybe.


I'm a monster hunter, currently looking into a cold case.
What? What do you want with us?
Delivery
BULBS

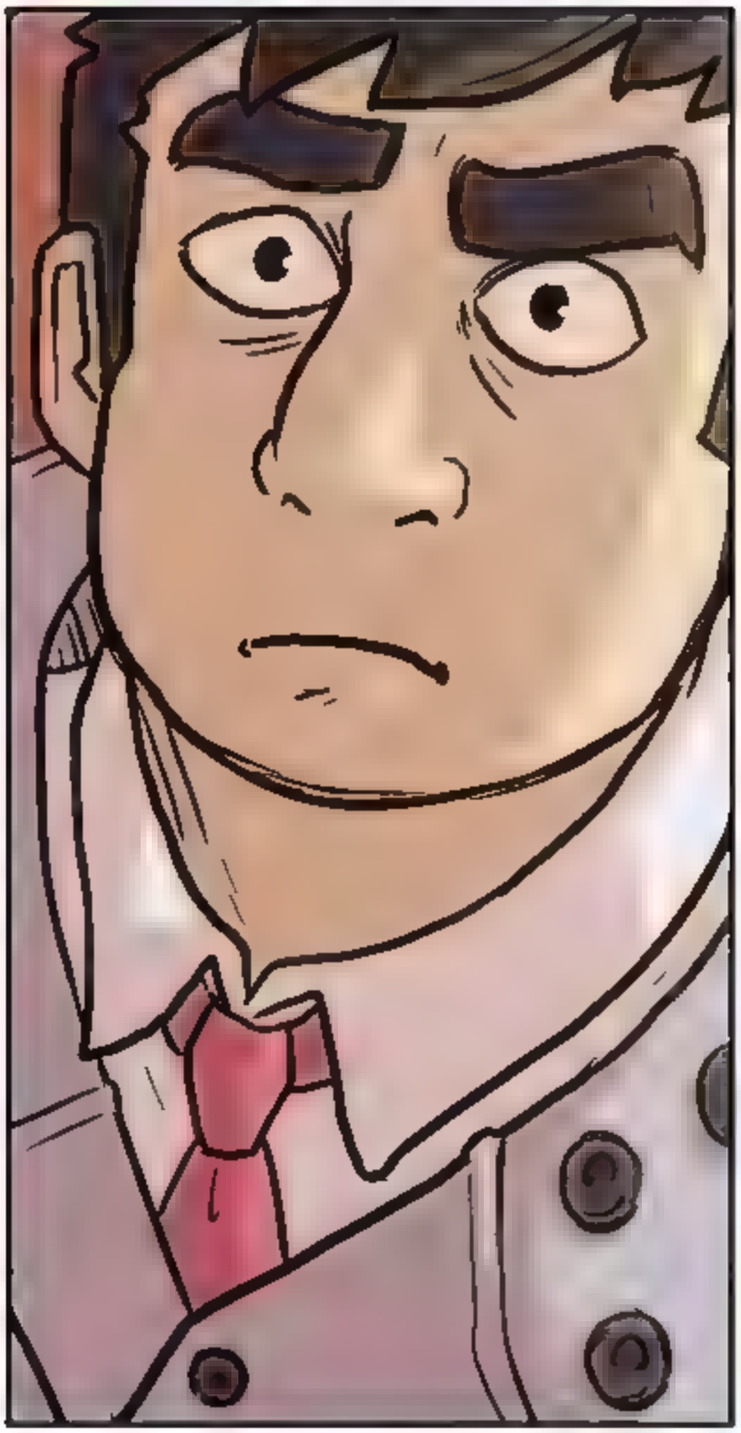
Do you recognise this symbol?
No, sir, I don't.


Hm. How about the family in this photo?

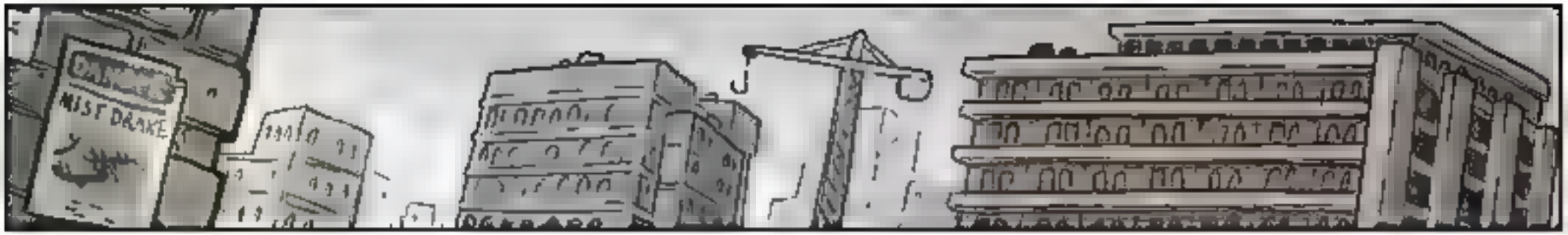
O-oh! That's my Zach, and his wife and my granddaughter. Rest their souls.
Abuelita...

You're really stressing my grandmother out, hunter. Please go.
Wait, wait look at this!

Eh? What the hell?
Something the matter?
My cousin. She had orange eyes.
Yes, bright like the sun. She was a blessed thing.



...
Huh. Must be a misprint.


MIST DRAKE

Been a while. Still feels weird to meet like this.
You catch all that?

Tap
Tap

It's... Hope it helps. Least we know your parents weren't something Atlas fabricated.
Did they seem happy?

God, Fall, I can't say. Your cousin was on edge but who could blame her?
Listen, we're already in deep. You could just talk to them...

I don't wanna put all this on them. Bad enough I made you dig up the past like that.
'Sides, if Atlas is right about anything it's that they'd not be safe around me.

Not yet.
Hm.

...Alright. What is that?
Ah. Remember the antique dealers in Sugar Fen? They let me pick an enchanted item.
I got this flask that makes any liquid in it infinite and there was this truck stop in Texas with ***inexplicably*** good coffee so-
No. That.

OH! THAT! Got here a few days ahead of you so uh...
You got bored and killed a drake?
I got bored and killed a drake, yeah.